



Queen of Death



 13  0  1

Chapter 1 by SAMANTHA REINER

Watching his head spin around on my spear I knew... I started feeling guilt for this man. He had a family, wife, and kids. And I just killed him for his crimes. As I watched through his window, I saw his wife crying and his two little girls. I ran away. Even though nobody can see me. I still hide in the shadows. When I died I knew I had hoped to live, but my destiny was to kill people for their crimes, victims of sorrow that want to be taken away. That's when I come in. I help people with their life and sadness inside. I kill for help so don't think I am bad.

I got on my skateboard with the bag with the head in it on my shoulder. I skated away. People walked past me not even to look. That was my curse I thought since nobody is worried about dying yet until they are ready they don't see me. But when they do they scream in horror cause of my face. It may be scary but I'm beautiful on the inside. At least that what death says.

When I died he was the first person to see me like this. Sad, lonely, scared, crying in front of my killers. I had been killed by them but first teased. I promise I wouldn't tell and just let me go but they didn't. I was stabbed three times in the heart and shot in the head. I guess they didn't think I was dead yet.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |   

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account